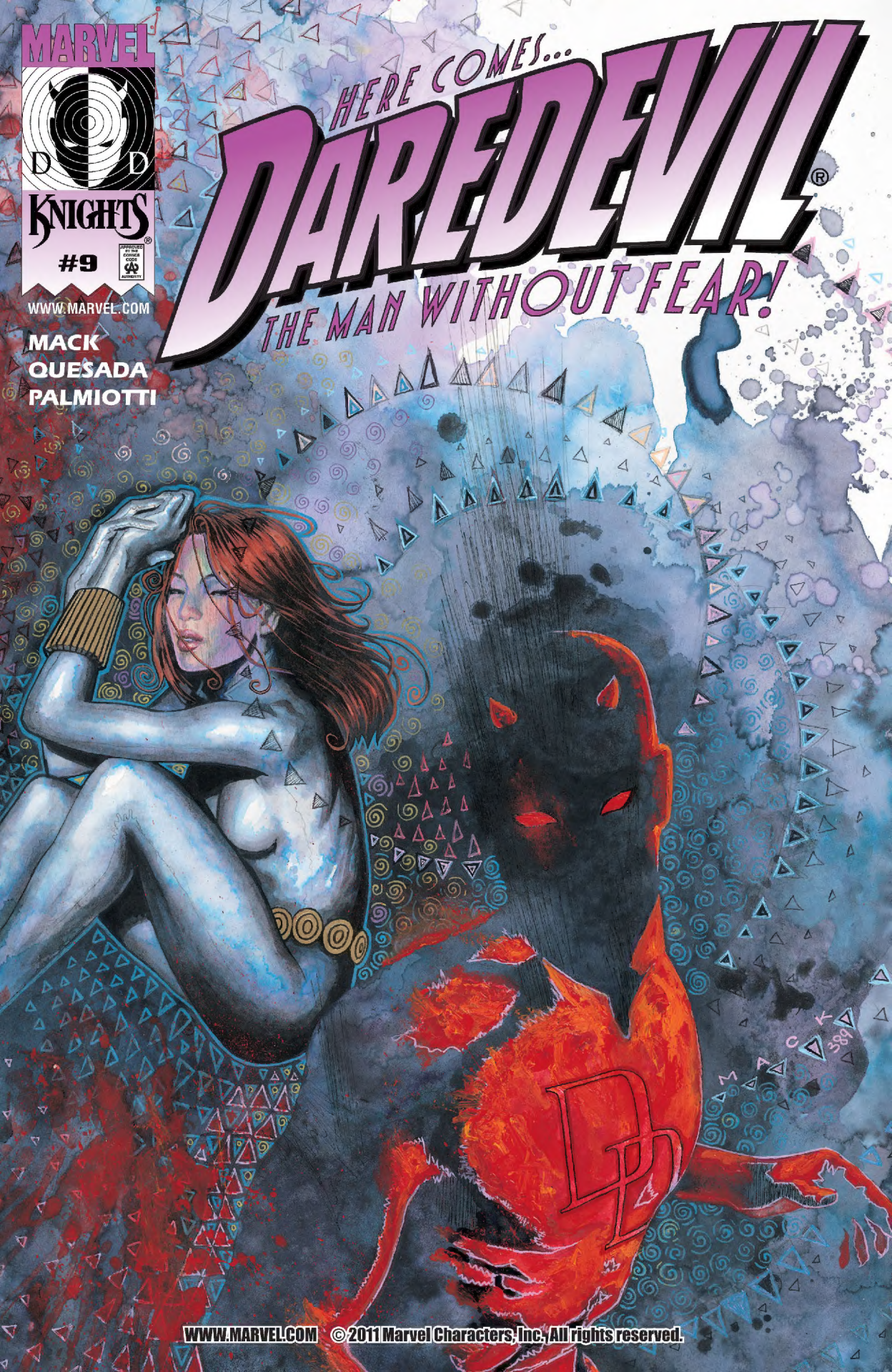
MARVEL
KNIGHTS
#9
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MACK
QUESADA
PALMIOTTI
HERE COMES...
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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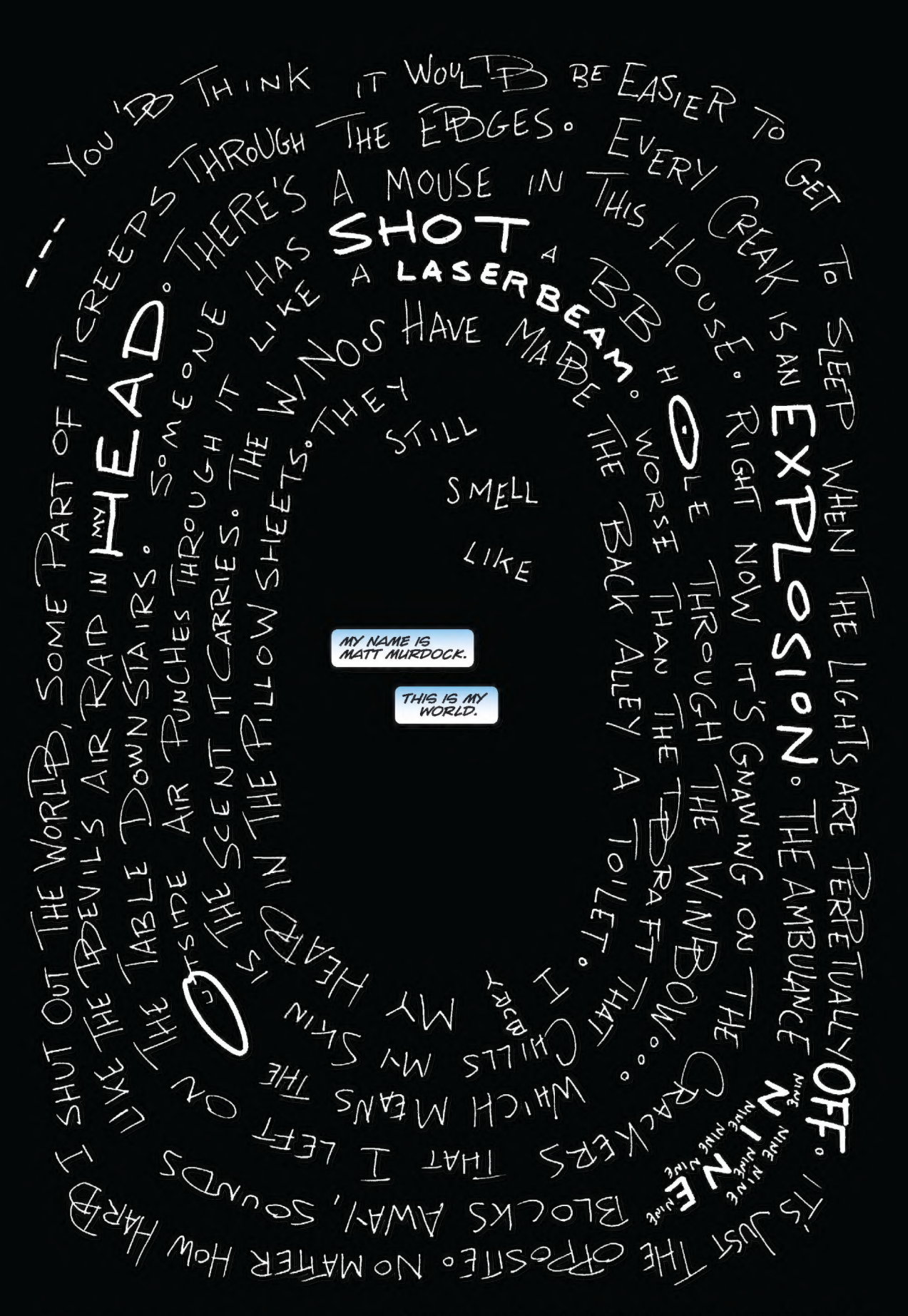


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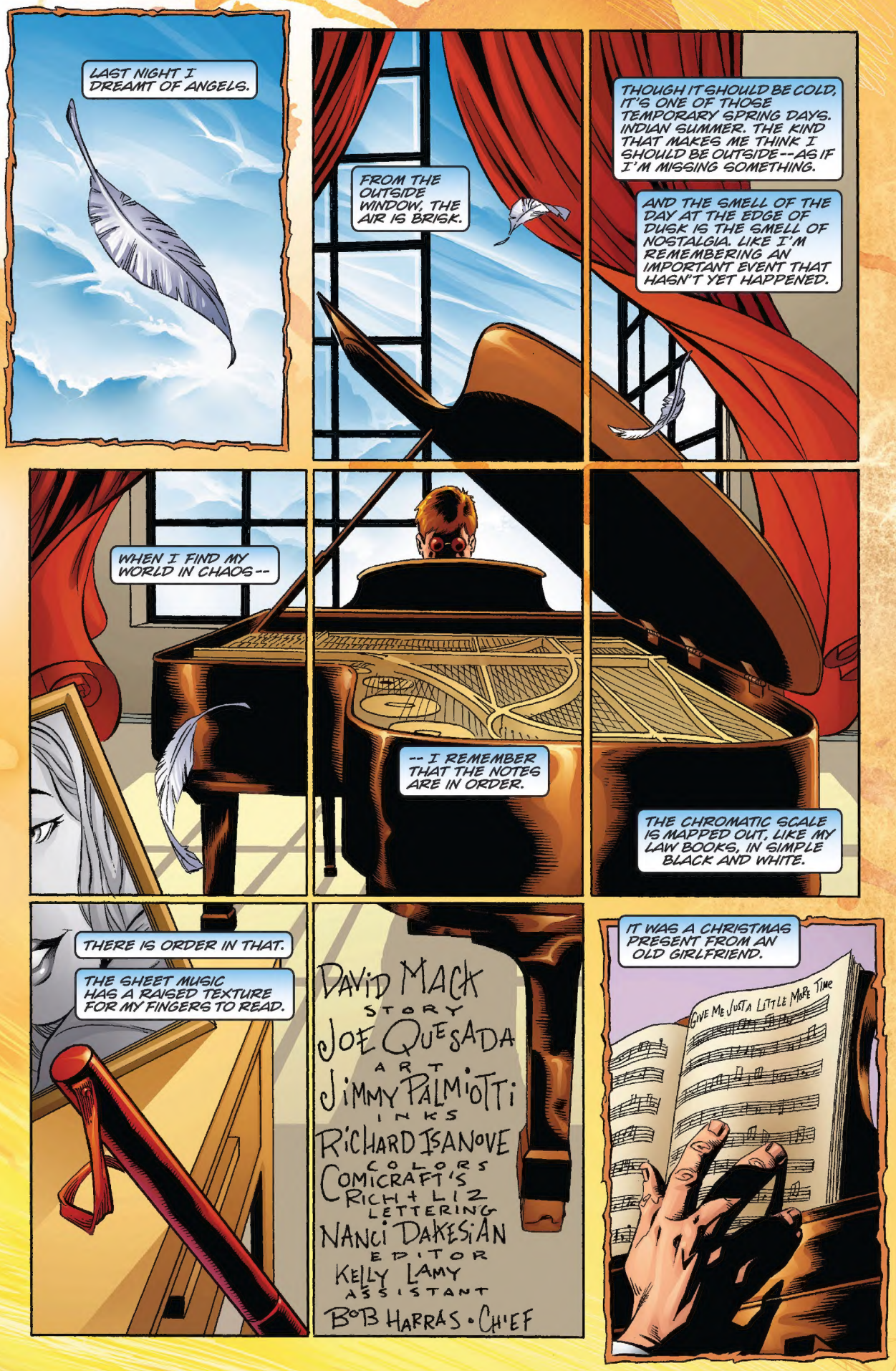
KAREN, I WILL MISS YOU.
...MATT...
ISATOPE SHMISATOPE
MURPHY
NEWTON
NOTE FROM DAD
STUDY YOUR LAW BOOKS, BLOCKHEAD!
SOMEHOW I CROSS THE LINE -- A BLURRING ONE, WHERE THE SCENTS, ECHOES AND CHILLS COME LESS FROM OUTSIDE MY HEAD...
AND MORE FROM INSIDE IT.
I SHED A TEAR. CRIMSON LIKE MY SECOND SKIN.....
MEMORY AND DREAM -- THE ONLY PLACES WHERE I'M NOT BLIND.
"I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE A FIGHTER LIKE ME, SON."
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
PARTS OF A HOLE PART ONE
"MURDOCK LAW"
...SHED MY SKIN.


LAST NIGHT I DREAMT OF ANGELS.
FROM THE OUTSIDE WINDOW, THE AIR IS BRISK.
THOUGH IT SHOULD BE COLD, IT'S ONE OF THOSE TEMPORARY SPRING DAYS. INDIAN SUMMER. THE KIND THAT MAKES ME THINK I SHOULD BE OUTSIDE--AS IF I'M MISSING SOMETHING.
AND THE SMELL OF THE DAY AT THE EDGE OF DUSK IS THE SMELL OF NOSTALGIA. LIKE I'M REMEMBERING AN IMPORTANT EVENT THAT HASN'T YET HAPPENED.
WHEN I FIND MY WORLD IN CHAOS--
-- I REMEMBER THAT THE NOTES ARE IN ORDER.
THE CHROMATIC SCALE IS MAPPED OUT, LIKE MY LAW BOOKS, IN SIMPLE BLACK AND WHITE.
THERE IS ORDER IN THAT.
THE SHEET MUSIC HAS A RAISED TEXTURE FOR MY FINGERS TO READ.
DAVID MACK
STORY
JOE QUESADA
ART
JIMMY PALMIOTTI
INKS
RICHARD ISANOVE
COLORS
COMICRAFT'S RICH + LIZ
LETTERING
NANCI DAKESIAN
EDITOR
KELLY LAMY
ASSISTANT
BOB HARRAS • CHIEF
IT WAS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM AN OLD GIRLFRIEND.
GIVE ME JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME

THE TRUTH IS I HARDLY READ A NOTE OF SHEET MUSIC. I ALWAYS PLAY BY EAR.

FOR ME, MUSIC IS THE CLOSEST THING TO SEEING. I DON'T MEAN KNOWING WHERE YOU'RE GOING, I MEAN SEEING, THE WAY YOU'D LOOK AT A PAINTING.

EVERY CHORD HAS COLOR -- THE WAY MEMORY HAS COLOR -- THE WAY MEMORY HAS A SCENT.

C MAJOR SMELLS LIKE AN OLD PAIR OF BOXING GLOVES.

D MAJOR AND D MINOR ARE LEFT AND RIGHT JABS. THEY ARE THE COLOR OF MY FATHER'S FACE WHEN HE WOULD GET MAD.

E MAJOR IS COPPERY -- THE AFTERTASTE OF A BLOODY LIP.

E MINOR IS THE GLOW OF NEON AFTER DARK -- WHEN YOU RUN AWAY FROM HOME.

F MAJOR IS THE COLOR OF YOUR HEART -- WHEN YOU SKIP CONFESSION.

F MINOR IS THE BLACK AND BLUE OF A FIGHTER'S FACE -- WHEN HE TELLS YOU NOT TO FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

G MAJOR IS THE RUSH OF ADRENALINE IT TAKES TO PUSH A DRUNKEN OLD MAN FROM THE PATH OF A SPEEDING TRUCK.

G MINOR IS THE BURNING OF YOUR EYES AS YOU LOSE THEM.

A MAJOR IS THE EMPTY HOLE IN YOUR STOMACH -- WHEN YOUR FATHER DIES -- AND YOU HAVE NOT BECOME WHAT HE WANTED YOU TO BE.

A MINOR IS A SHADOW. IT REMINDS YOU OF WAKING UP IN PERMANENT MIDNIGHT.

THE JOKE IS THAT YOUR OTHER FOUR SENSES WORK SO WELL IT HURTS.

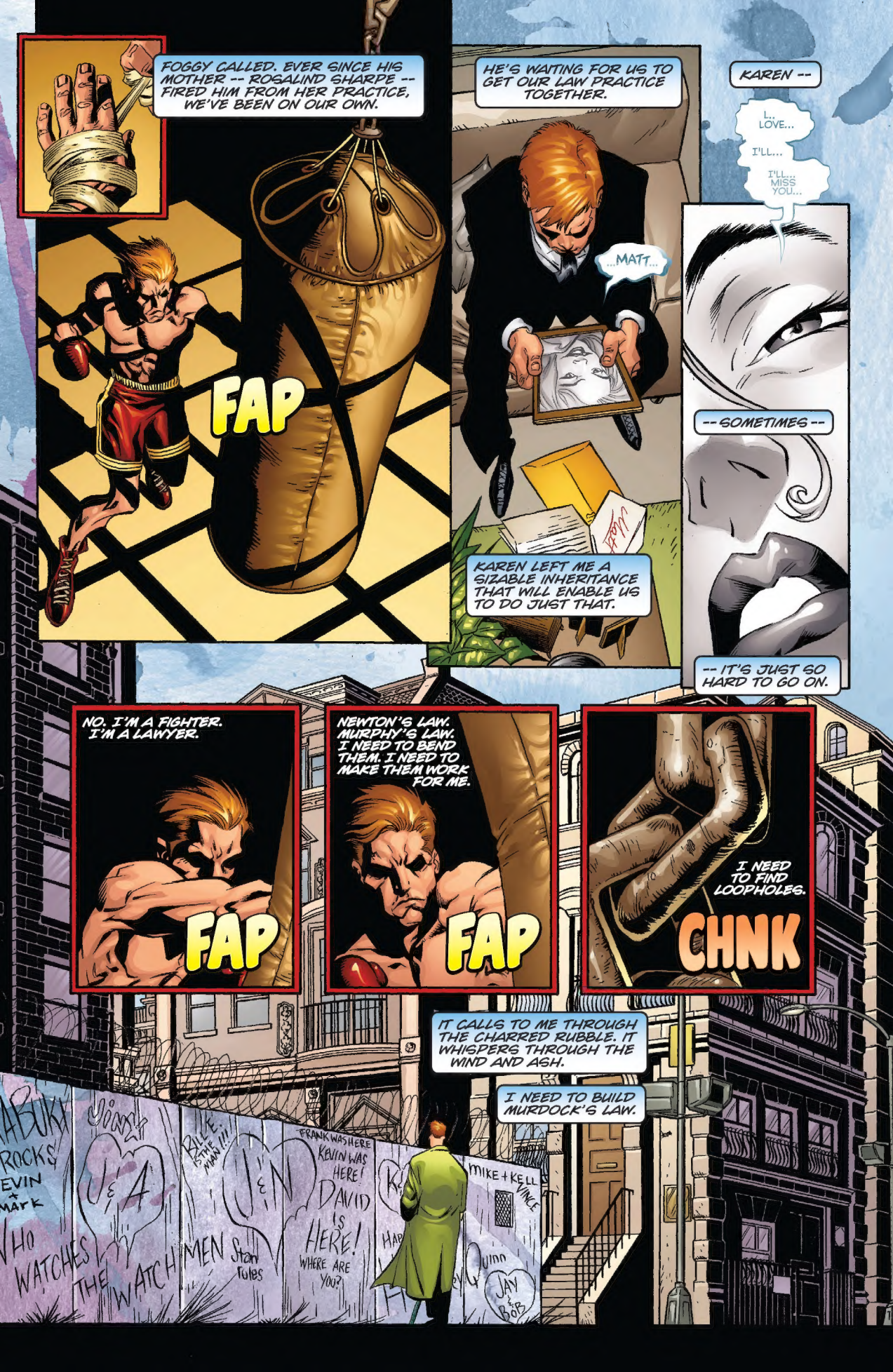
IT REMINDS YOU THAT EACH NOTE HAS TWO SHADES -- LIKE A SECRET IDENTITY.

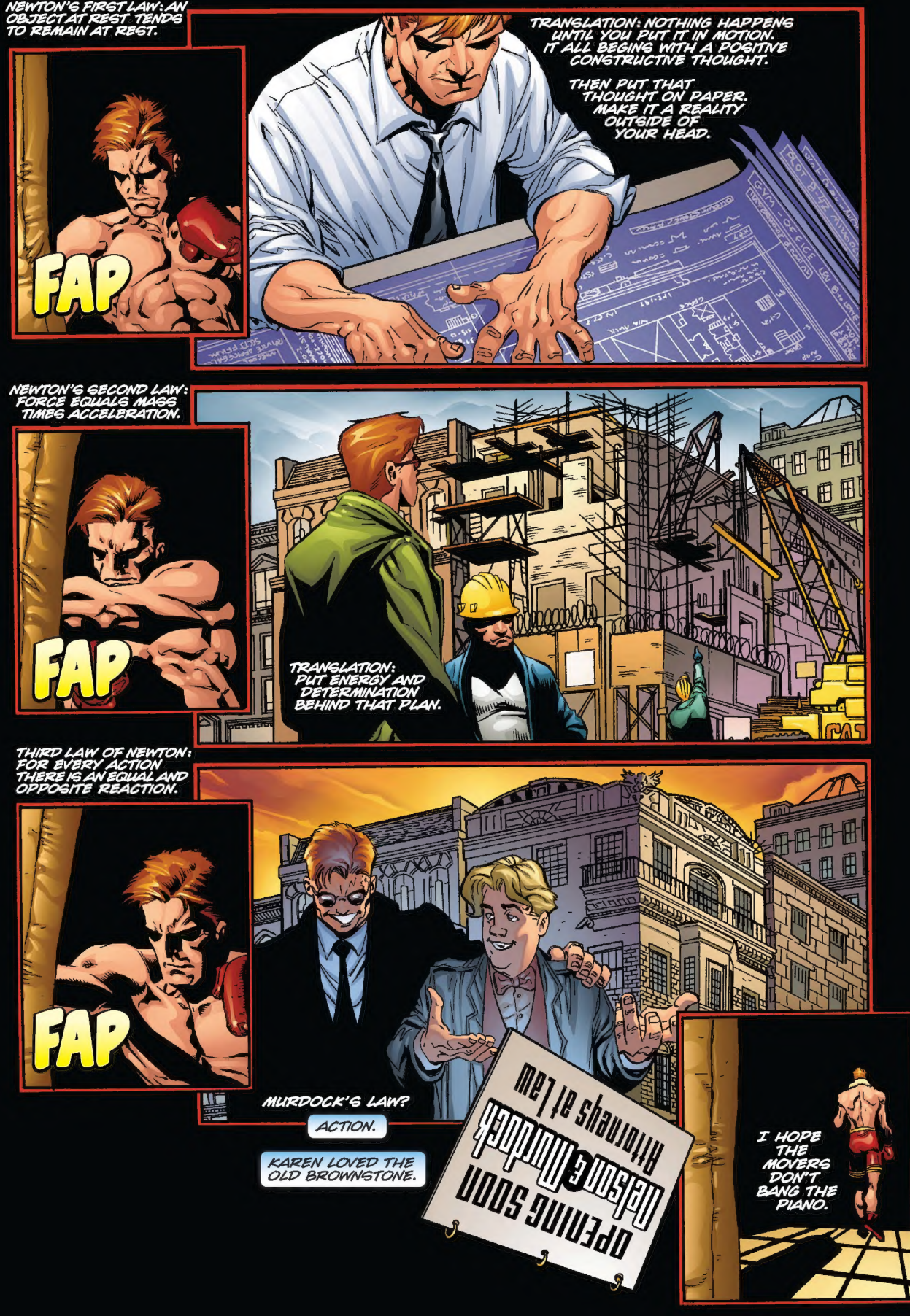
BETWEEN THE ECHO OF THE NOTES STILL IN MY HEAD, I HEAR SOMETHING ELSE DRIFT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

SOMETHING LIGHTER THAN THE FEATHER.

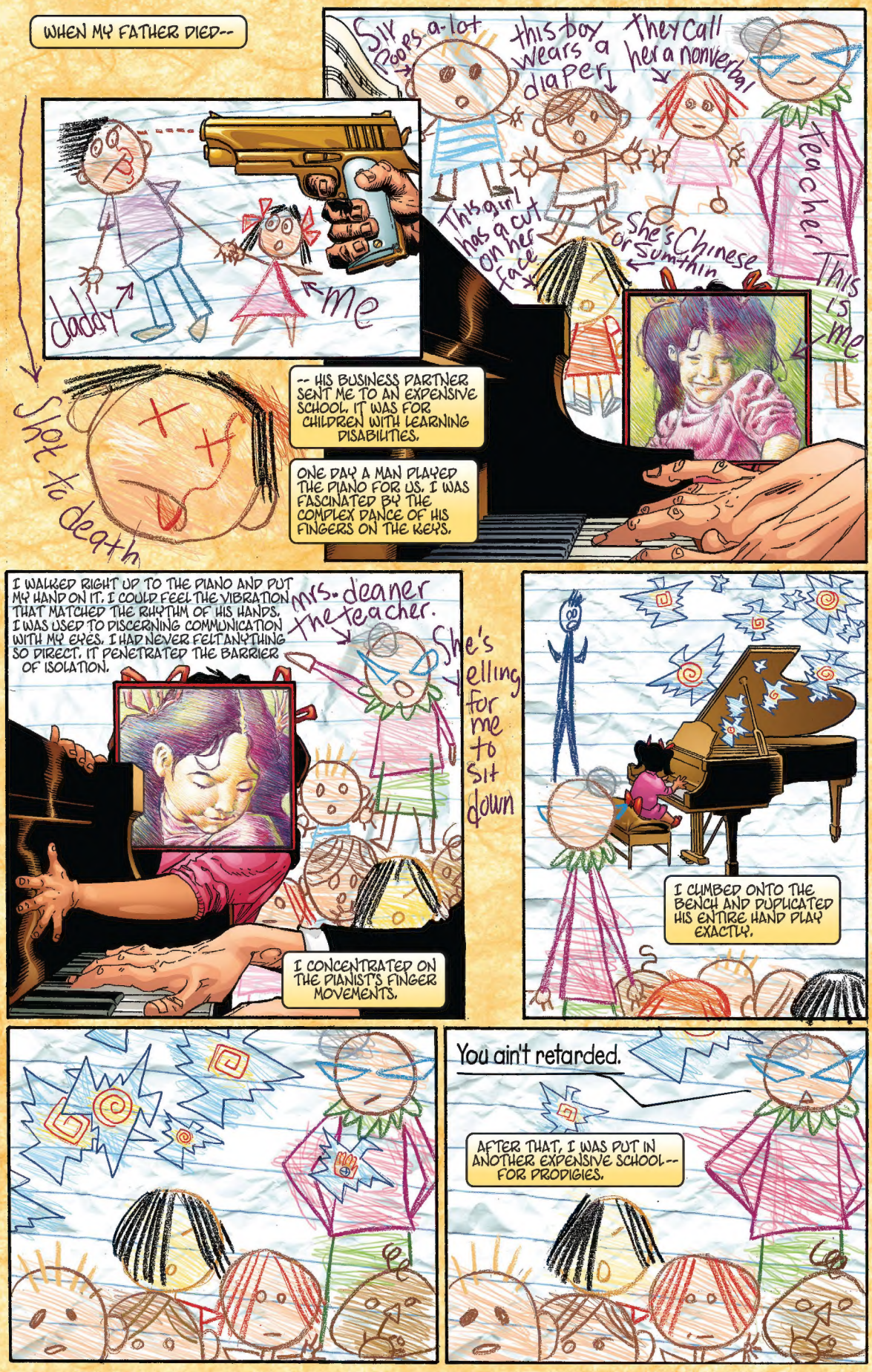
MATT--

NATASHA ROMANOV. THE BLACK WIDOW. FORMER SOVIET SPY, AND MY EX-GIRLFRIEND.
MATT, I'VE KNOWN YOU LONG ENOUGH TO TELL THAT YOU ONLY TRY TO PLAY THAT THING WHEN SOMETHING'S *BUGGING* YOU.
IS IT KAREN?
I THOUGHT I MADE MY PEACE WITH IT -- BUT THEN I'LL CATCH AN OLD SCENT--
--AND THE FLOOR BOARDS *CREAK* WHEN THE WIND BLOWS--
--AND I HALF EXPECT HER TO WALK IN THE ROOM.
SHE SAYS
"I'M THERE IF YOU NEED TO TALK."
*I KEEP PLAYING.*
AND THEN SHE'S GONE.

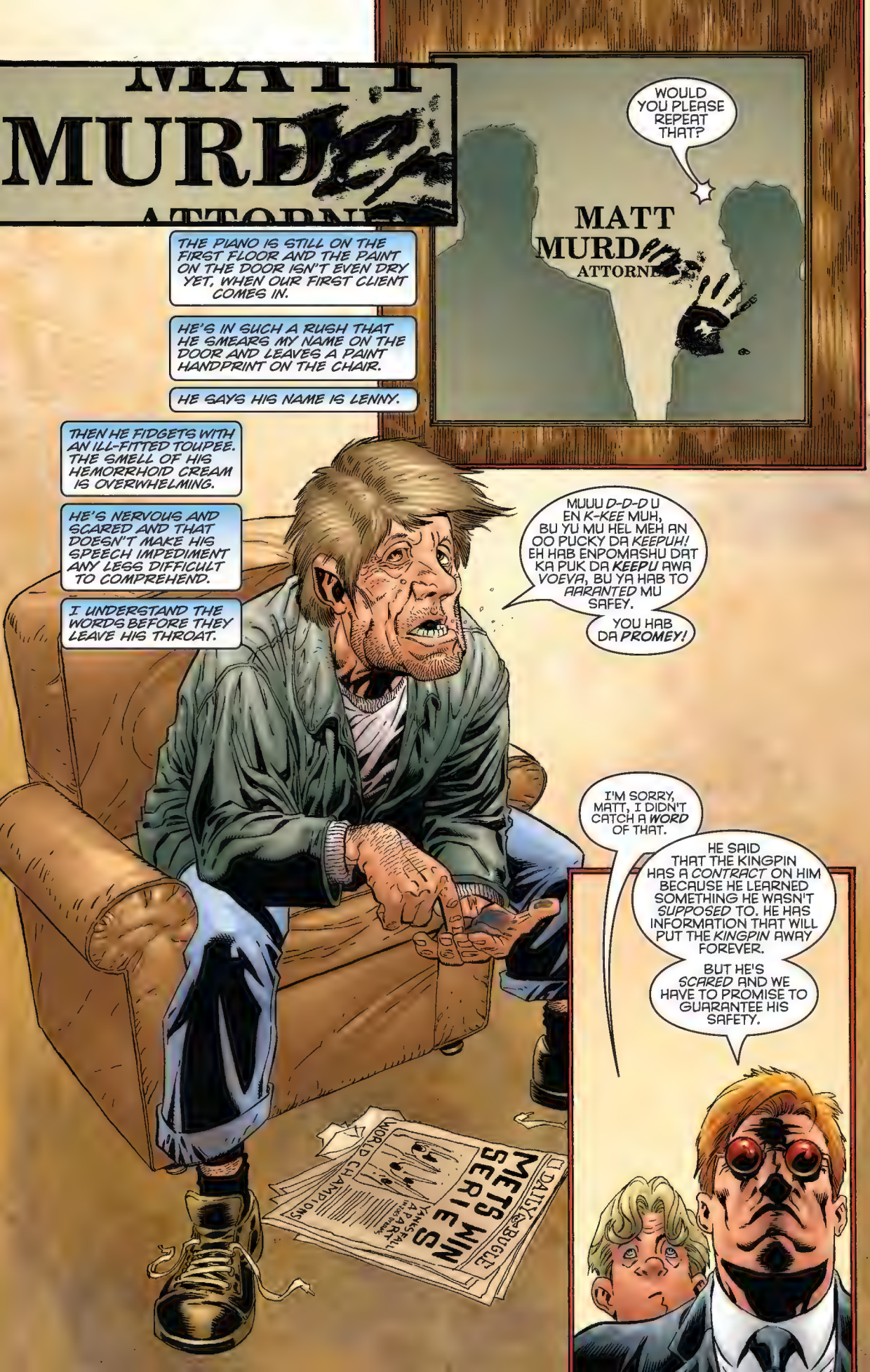

FOGGY CALLED. EVER SINCE HIS MOTHER -- ROSALIND SHARPE -- FIRED HIM FROM HER PRACTICE, WE'VE BEEN ON OUR OWN.
FAP
HE'S WAITING FOR US TO GET OUR LAW PRACTICE TOGETHER.
...MATT...
KAREN LEFT ME A SIZABLE INHERITANCE THAT WILL ENABLE US TO DO JUST THAT.
KAREN --
L.. LOVE...
I'LL...
I'LL... MISS YOU...
-- SOMETIMES --
-- IT'S JUST SO HARD TO GO ON.
NO. I'M A FIGHTER. I'M A LAWYER.
FAP
NEWTON'S LAW. MURPHY'S LAW. I NEED TO BEND THEM. I NEED TO MAKE THEM WORK FOR ME.
FAP
I NEED TO FIND LOOPHOLES.
CHNK
IT CALLS TO ME THROUGH THE CHARRED RUBBLE. IT WHISPERS THROUGH THE WIND AND ASH.
I NEED TO BUILD MURDOCK'S LAW.
FRANK WAS HERE
KEVIN WAS HERE!
DAVID IS HERE!
WHERE ARE YOU?
MIKE + KELL
VINCE
JAY & BOB
WATCHES THE WATCHMEN
Stan rules


NEWTON'S FIRST LAW: AN OBJECT AT REST TENDS TO REMAIN AT REST.
FAP
TRANSLATION: NOTHING HAPPENS UNTIL YOU PUT IT IN MOTION. IT ALL BEGINS WITH A POSITIVE CONSTRUCTIVE THOUGHT.
THEN PUT THAT THOUGHT ON PAPER. MAKE IT A REALITY OUTSIDE OF YOUR HEAD.
NEWTON'S SECOND LAW: FORCE EQUALS MASS TIMES ACCELERATION.
FAP
TRANSLATION: PUT ENERGY AND DETERMINATION BEHIND THAT PLAN.
THIRD LAW OF NEWTON: FOR EVERY ACTION THERE IS AN EQUAL AND OPPOSITE REACTION.
FAP
MURDOCK'S LAW?
ACTION.
KAREN LOVED THE OLD BROWNSTONE.
OPENING SOON
Nelson & Murdock
Attorneys at Law
I HOPE THE MOVERS DON'T BANG THE PIANO.

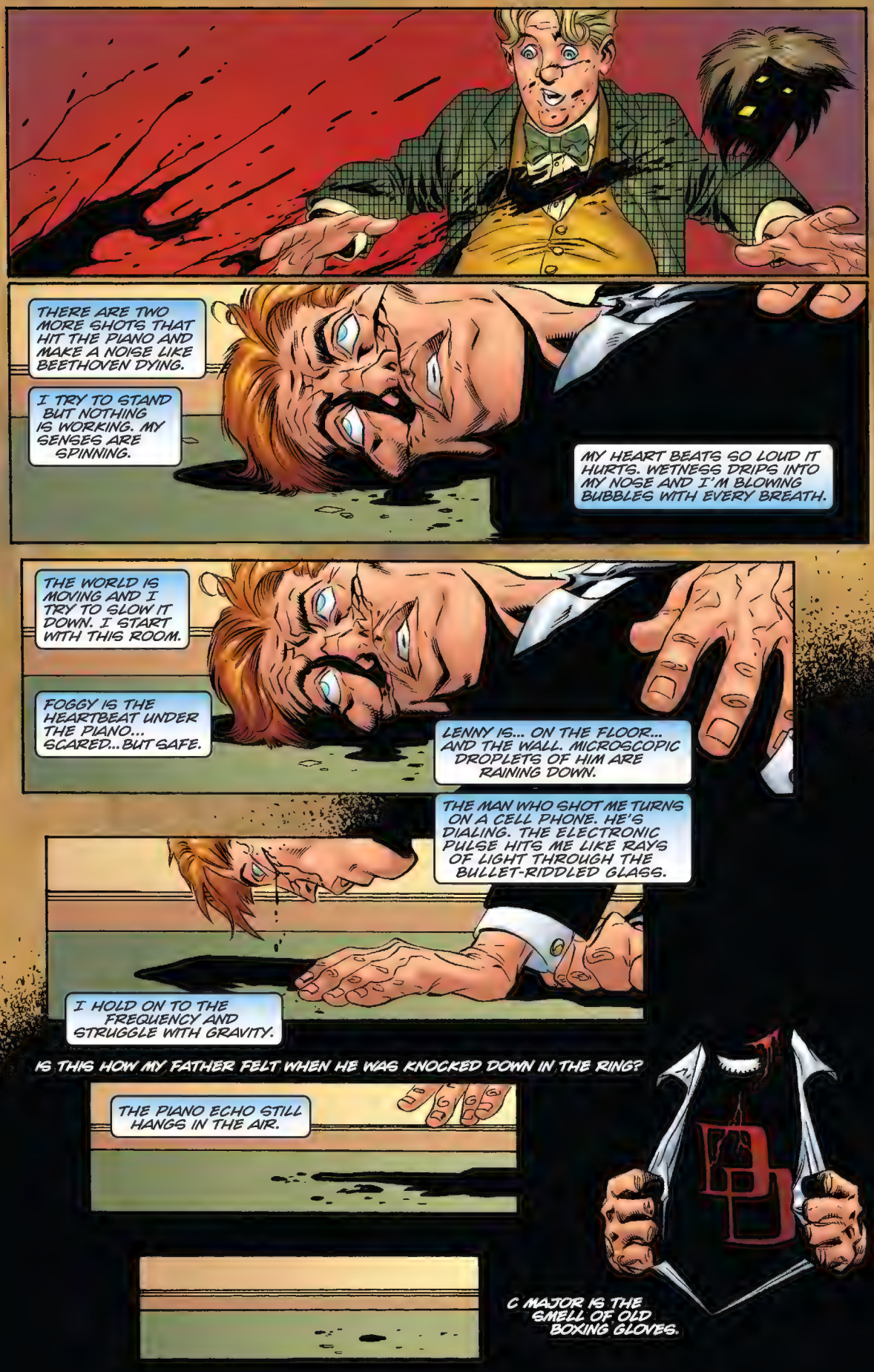
CRAZY HOUSE
THAT'S WHY I HIT THE KEYS SO HARD. I JUST FEEL THE VIBRATION.
THE PHYSICAL ECHO.
ECHO
ECHO


WHEN MY FATHER DIED--
Sir Poops-a-lot
this boy wears a diaper
They call her a nonverbal
Teacher This is me
This girl has a cut on her face
She's Chinese or Sumthin
daddy
me
Shot to death
-- HIS BUSINESS PARTNER SENT ME TO AN EXPENSIVE SCHOOL. IT WAS FOR CHILDREN WITH LEARNING DISABILITIES.
ONE DAY A MAN PLAYED THE PIANO FOR US. I WAS FASCINATED BY THE COMPLEX DANCE OF HIS FINGERS ON THE KEYS.
I WALKED RIGHT UP TO THE PIANO AND PUT MY HAND ON IT. I COULD FEEL THE VIBRATION THAT MATCHED THE RHYTHM OF HIS HANDS. I WAS USED TO DISCERNING COMMUNICATION WITH MY EYES. I HAD NEVER FELT ANYTHING SO DIRECT. IT PENETRATED THE BARRIER OF ISOLATION.
mrs. deaner the teacher.
She's yelling for me to sit down
I CONCENTRATED ON THE PIANIST'S FINGER MOVEMENTS.
I CLIMBED ONTO THE BENCH AND DUPLICATED HIS ENTIRE HAND PLAY EXACTLY.
You ain't retarded.
AFTER THAT, I WAS PUT IN ANOTHER EXPENSIVE SCHOOL-- FOR PRODIGIES.

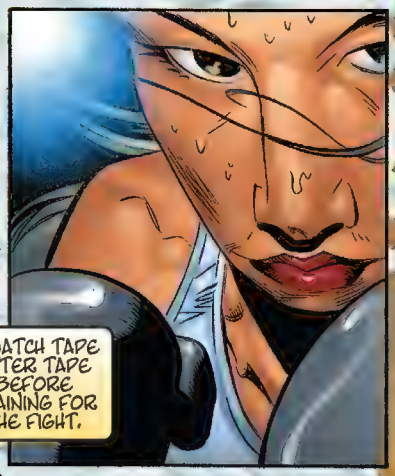
THEY SAY I CAN RECREATE ANY COMPLEX PHYSICAL ACTION THAT MY EYES RECORD. THAT'S WHY MY SPEECH IS NOT SLURRED.
THANK YOU!
I READ LIPS. I CAN PERCEIVE AND REPLICATE EVEN THE MOST MINUTE MUSCLE INTONATIONS.
FOR TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE, I WATCHED VIDEOTAPES OF LIBERACE.
HE HAS NICE COSTUMES.
daddy
bad man
MOUTHS OPEN. HANDS CLAPPING. NO SOUND. I FEEL THE ECHO OF THE AUDIENCE LIKE ONE UNIFIED VIBRATION.
EXCEPT, AS USUAL, FOR ONE MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE, WHOSE HANDS DRAW MY ATTENTION TO THEIR OWN DISTINCT ECHO --
-- BY THEIR SHEER MASS AND FORCE.


MATT MURDOCK ATTORNEY
WOULD YOU PLEASE REPEAT THAT?
MATT MURD ATTORN
THE PIANO IS STILL ON THE FIRST FLOOR AND THE PAINT ON THE DOOR ISN'T EVEN DRY YET, WHEN OUR FIRST CLIENT COMES IN.
HE'S IN SUCH A RUSH THAT HE SMEARS MY NAME ON THE DOOR AND LEAVES A PAINT HANDPRINT ON THE CHAIR.
HE SAYS HIS NAME IS LENNY.
THEN HE FIDGETS WITH AN ILL-FITTED TOUPEE. THE SMELL OF HIS HEMORRHOID CREAM IS OVERWHELMING.
HE'S NERVOUS AND SCARED AND THAT DOESN'T MAKE HIS SPEECH IMPEDIMENT ANY LESS DIFFICULT TO COMPREHEND.
I UNDERSTAND THE WORDS BEFORE THEY LEAVE HIS THROAT.
MUUU D-D-D U EN K-KEE MUH, BU YU MU HEL MEH AN OO PUCKY DA KEEPUH! EH HAB ENPOMASHU DAT KA PUK DA KEEPU AWA VOEVA, BU YA HAB TO AARANTED MU SAFEY.
YOU HAB DA PROMEY!
I'M SORRY, MATT, I DIDN'T CATCH A WORD OF THAT.
HE SAID THAT THE KINGPIN HAS A CONTRACT ON HIM BECAUSE HE LEARNED SOMETHING HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO. HE HAS INFORMATION THAT WILL PUT THE KINGPIN AWAY FOREVER.
BUT HE'S SCARED AND WE HAVE TO PROMISE TO GUARANTEE HIS SAFETY.
METS WIN SERIES
DAILY BUGLE
WORLD CHAMPIONS

"YOU ARE SAFE WITH US, I PROMISE."
CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT.
YU FA DA TA NO ME?
OF COURSE WE'LL PROTECT YOU.
BUT YOU HAVE TO TELL US EVERYTHING.
uh... MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU WRITE IT DOWN.
THAT SOUND!
..!
KSSSH
AHG!
Fuh!

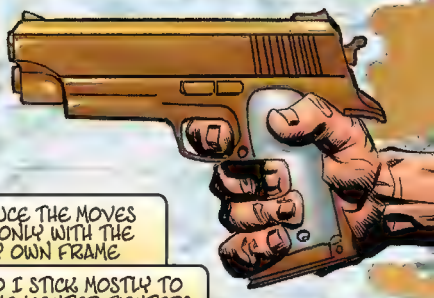

THERE ARE TWO MORE SHOTS THAT HIT THE PIANO AND MAKE A NOISE LIKE BEETHOVEN DYING.
I TRY TO STAND BUT NOTHING IS WORKING. MY SENSES ARE SPINNING.
MY HEART BEATS SO LOUD IT HURTS. WETNESS DRIPS INTO MY NOSE AND I'M BLOWING BUBBLES WITH EVERY BREATH.
THE WORLD IS MOVING AND I TRY TO SLOW IT DOWN. I START WITH THIS ROOM.
FOGGY IS THE HEARTBEAT UNDER THE PIANO... SCARED... BUT SAFE.
LENNY IS... ON THE FLOOR... AND THE WALL. MICROSCOPIC DROPLETS OF HIM ARE RAINING DOWN.
THE MAN WHO SHOT ME TURNS ON A CELL PHONE. HE'S DIALING. THE ELECTRONIC PULSE HITS ME LIKE RAYS OF LIGHT THROUGH THE BULLET-RIDDLED GLASS.
I HOLD ON TO THE FREQUENCY AND STRUGGLE WITH GRAVITY.
IS THIS HOW MY FATHER FELT WHEN HE WAS KNOCKED DOWN IN THE RING?
THE PIANO ECHO STILL HANGS IN THE AIR.
C MAJOR IS THE SMELL OF OLD BOXING GLOVES.

MY NAME IS MAYA LOPEZ. THIS IS JUST EXERCISE.


I WATCH TAPE AFTER TAPE BEFORE TRAINING FOR THE FIGHT.

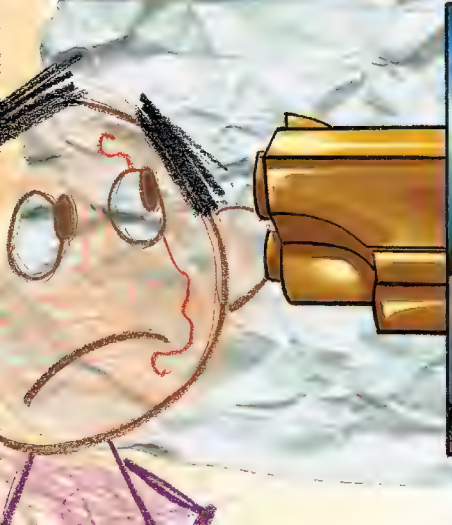
I RECORD AN ARSENAL OF COMBINATIONS. I MIX AND MATCH IN THE RING. JUST LIKE THE GYM.

UNH!
I CAN REPRODUCE THE MOVES AND SKILL BUT ONLY WITH THE FORCE THAT MY OWN FRAME WILL ALLOW.
SO I STICK MOSTLY TO THE LIGHTER FIGHTERS.



I DO A LEONARD FOOTWORK.

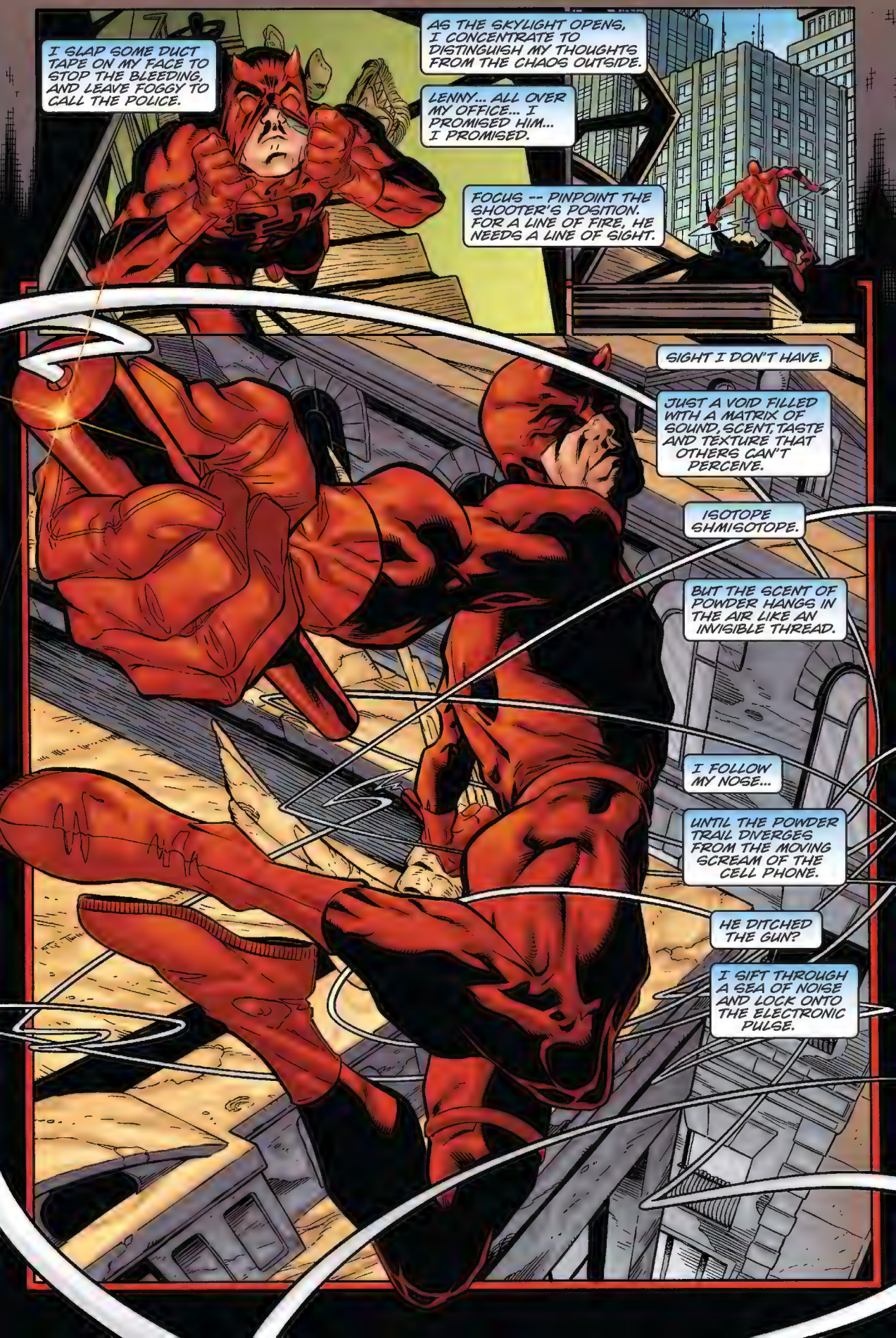
I SNEAK AN ALI JAB.
UF!



END IT WITH A DE LA HOYA FINISH.

URGH!

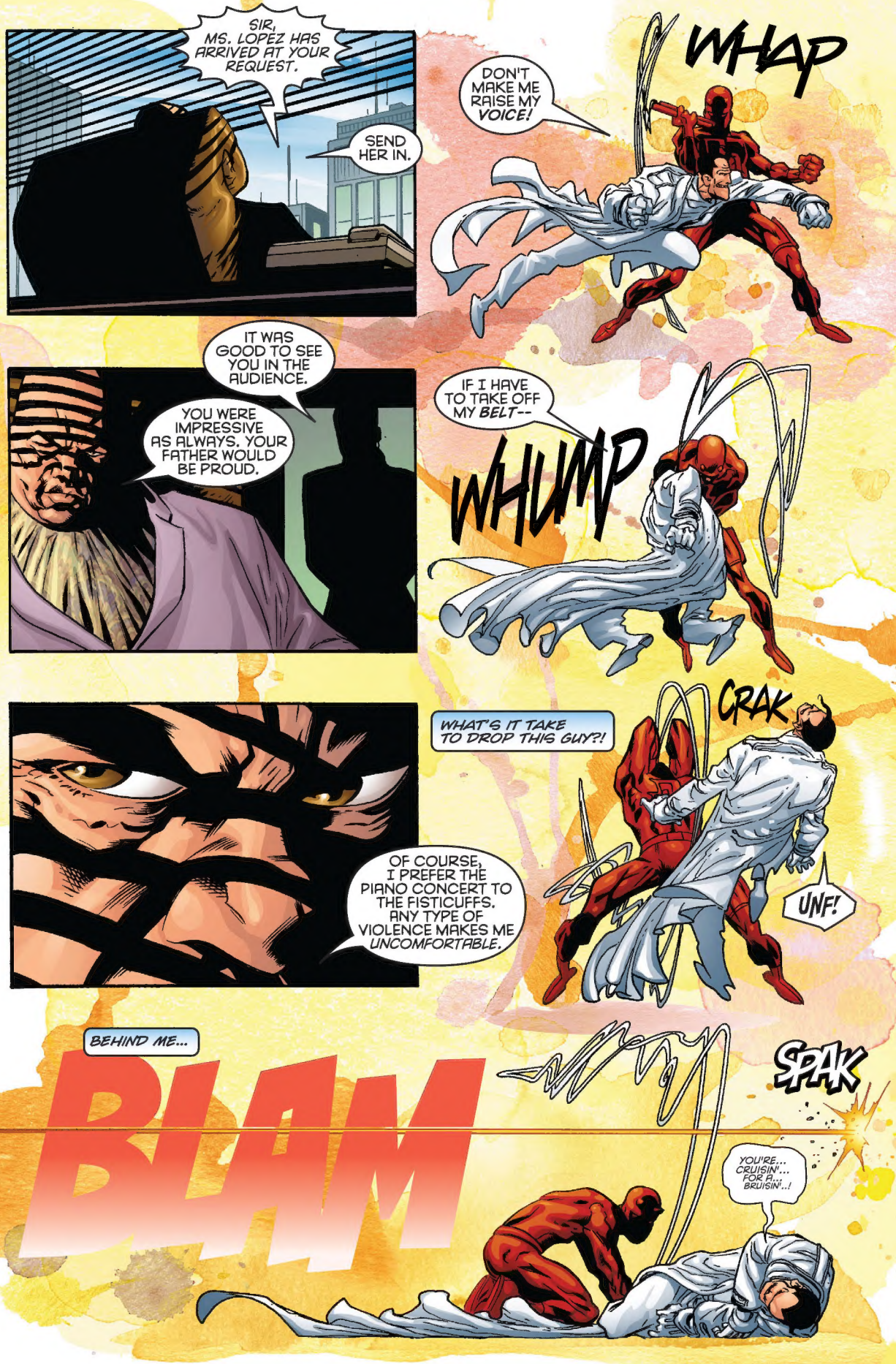
URF!
Shot to death
AND THE WINNER, MAYA "CRAZYHORSE" LOPEZ!
IT TAKES A WHOLE ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE YELLING AND CLAPPING TO MAKE THE ECHO FEEL REALLY GOOD.
THAT'S WHY I LOVE AN AUDIENCE. IT BREAKS THE ISOLATION I NORMALLY FEEL -- LIKE THE FIRST TIME THAT THE PIANO VIBRATED AGAINST MY HEART.
MY OTHER LOVE IS THEATER. BEFORE I DANCE, I WATCH GENE KELLY MOVIES. I DO A PERFORMANCE AT THE PLAYHOUSE EVERY WEEKEND.
AND MY NUMBER ONE FAN WILL BE THERE AS WELL.

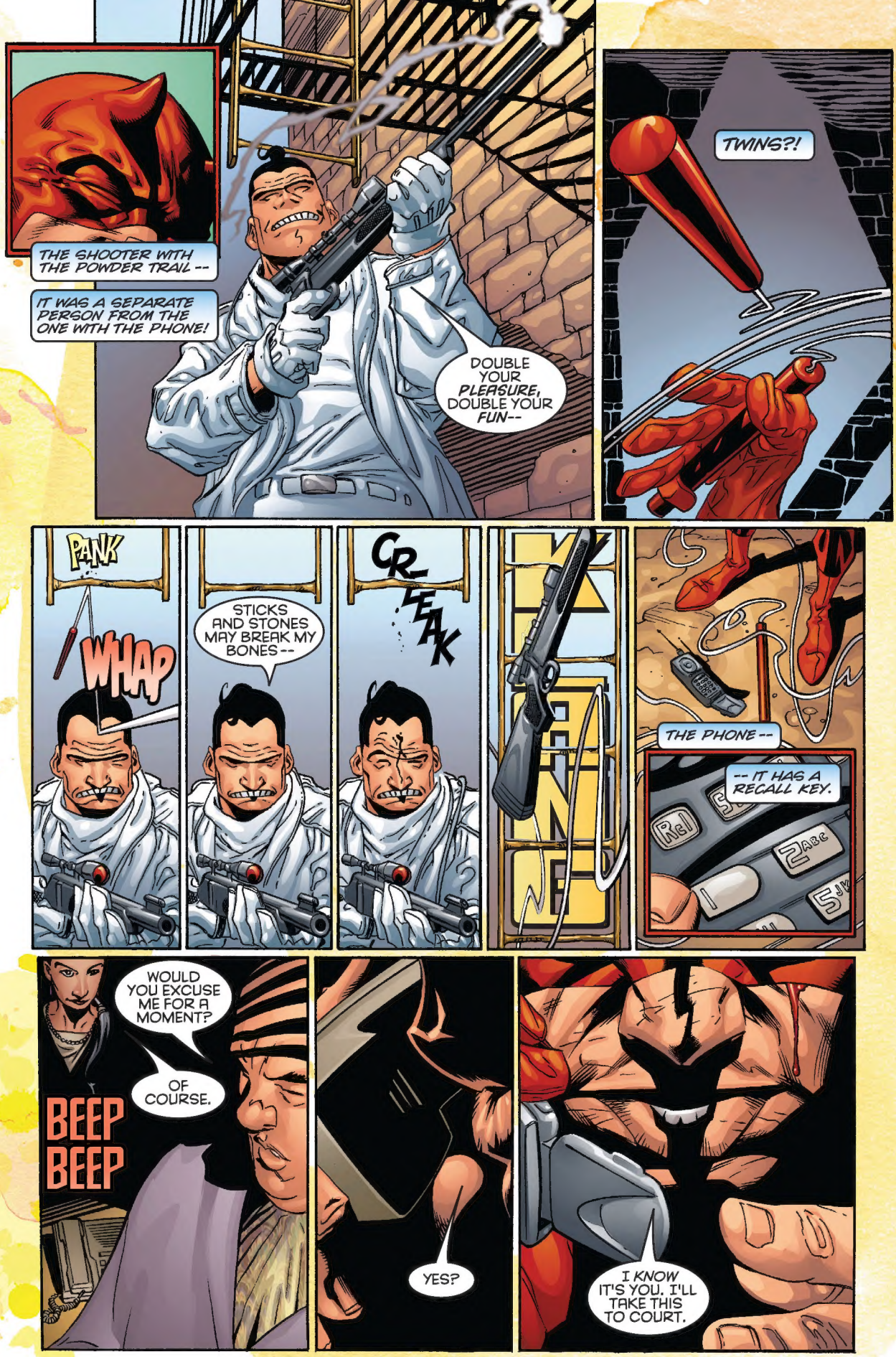

I SLAP SOME DUCT TAPE ON MY FACE TO STOP THE BLEEDING, AND LEAVE FOGGY TO CALL THE POLICE.
AS THE SKYLIGHT OPENS, I CONCENTRATE TO DISTINGUISH MY THOUGHTS FROM THE CHAOS OUTSIDE.
LENNY... ALL OVER MY OFFICE... I PROMISED HIM... I PROMISED.
FOCUS -- PINPOINT THE SHOOTER'S POSITION. FOR A LINE OF FIRE, HE NEEDS A LINE OF SIGHT.
SIGHT I DON'T HAVE.
JUST A VOID FILLED WITH A MATRIX OF SOUND, SCENT, TASTE AND TEXTURE THAT OTHERS CAN'T PERCEIVE.
ISOTOPE SHMISOTOPE.
BUT THE SCENT OF POWDER HANGS IN THE AIR LIKE AN INVISIBLE THREAD.
I FOLLOW MY NOSE...
UNTIL THE POWDER TRAIL DIVERGES FROM THE MOVING SCREAM OF THE CELL PHONE.
HE DITCHED THE GUN?
I SIFT THROUGH A SEA OF NOISE AND LOCK ONTO THE ELECTRONIC PULSE.

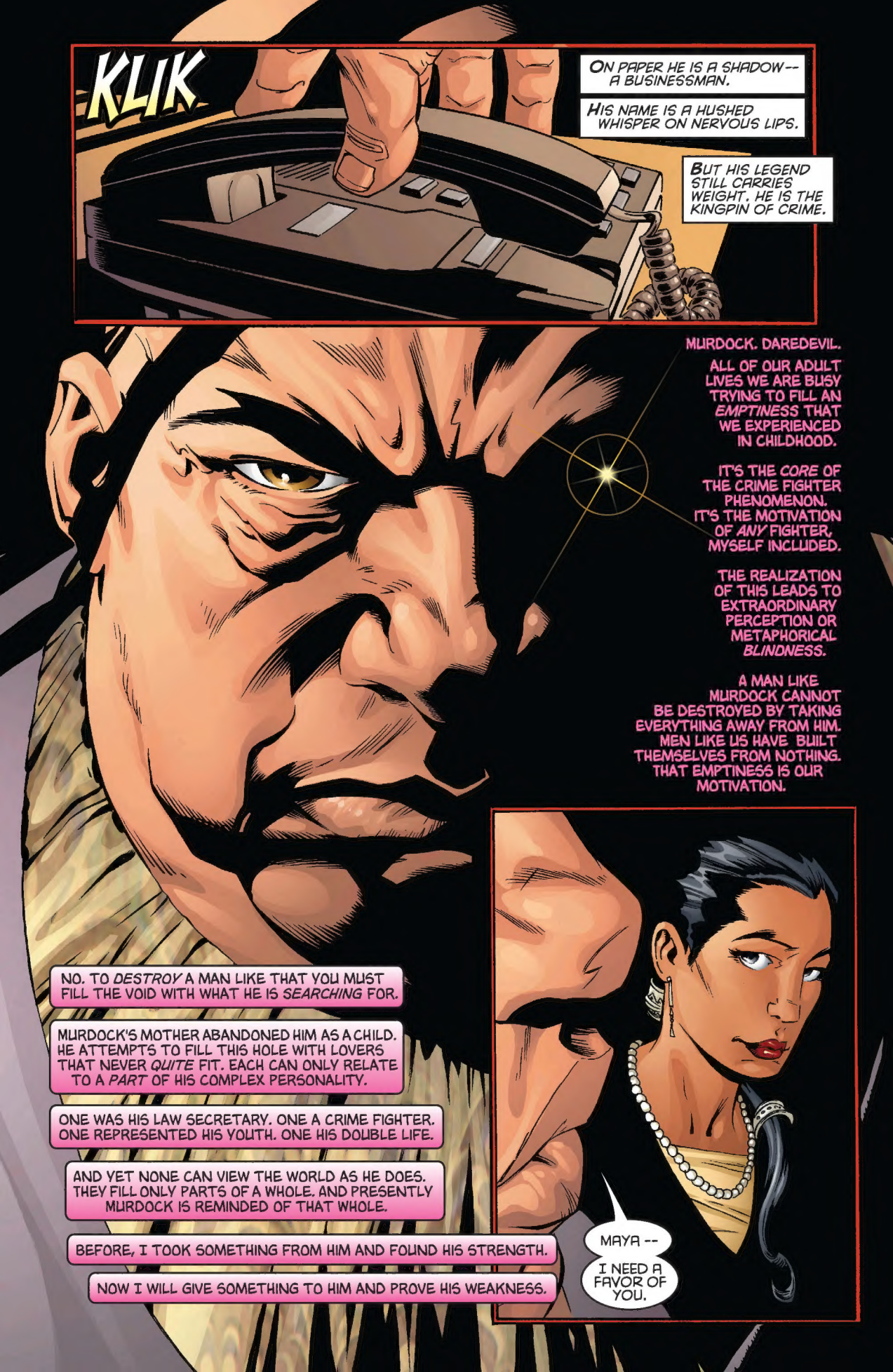
CALL FOR YOU, SIR.
WHO?
HE WOULD ONLY SAY "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."
SPEAK.
A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.
DEAD AS A DOORNAIL.
WELL DONE. NOW -- WHAT? HE WENT INTO -- WHAT OFFICE?
WHAT WERE THE LAWYERS' NAMES?
NEWTON AND *MURPHY?*
OH -- NELSON AND *MURDOCK.*
NO. DON'T DO THAT. I'LL HANDLE MURDOCK.
JUST DISAPPEAR.

Ch Chik!
Chik!
ABRA-CADABRA!
DOUBLE OR NUTHIN'!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
KRASSH
SPAK
CHAK
SPAK
CHNK
I COUNT THE SHOTS.

IT'S NOT DIFFICULT.
SPAK
SPAK
CHAK
SPAK
CHAK
CHK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
EACH ONE IS AN EXPLOSION IN MY EARS.
Click
Click
click
Click
click
Click
RUNNING ON EMPTY!
KRAK
THAT SHOULD PUT HIM OUT.
DON'T CRY OVER SPILLED MILK.


SIR, MS. LOPEZ HAS ARRIVED AT YOUR REQUEST.
SEND HER IN.
WHAP
DON'T MAKE ME RAISE MY VOICE!
IT WAS GOOD TO SEE YOU IN THE AUDIENCE.
YOU WERE IMPRESSIVE AS ALWAYS. YOUR FATHER WOULD BE PROUD.
IF I HAVE TO TAKE OFF MY BELT--
WHUMP
OF COURSE, I PREFER THE PIANO CONCERT TO THE FISTICUFFS. ANY TYPE OF VIOLENCE MAKES ME UNCOMFORTABLE.
WHAT'S IT TAKE TO DROP THIS GUY?!
CRAK
UNF!
BEHIND ME...
BLAM
SPAK
YOU'RE... CRUISIN'... FOR A... BRUISIN'..!


THE SHOOTER WITH THE POWDER TRAIL --
IT WAS A SEPARATE PERSON FROM THE ONE WITH THE PHONE!
DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE, DOUBLE YOUR FUN--
TWINS?!
PANK
WHAP
STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK MY BONES --
CREAK
KLANG
THE PHONE --
-- IT HAS A RECALL KEY.
WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT?
OF COURSE.
BEEP BEEP
YES?
I KNOW IT'S YOU. I'LL TAKE THIS TO COURT.


KLIK
ON PAPER HE IS A SHADOW-- A BUSINESSMAN.
HIS NAME IS A HUSHED WHISPER ON NERVOUS LIPS.
BUT HIS LEGEND STILL CARRIES WEIGHT. HE IS THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.
MURDOCK. DAREDEVIL.
ALL OF OUR ADULT LIVES WE ARE BUSY TRYING TO FILL AN *EMPTINESS* THAT WE EXPERIENCED IN CHILDHOOD.
IT'S THE *CORE* OF THE CRIME FIGHTER PHENOMENON. IT'S THE MOTIVATION OF *ANY* FIGHTER, MYSELF INCLUDED.
THE REALIZATION OF THIS LEADS TO EXTRAORDINARY PERCEPTION OR METAPHORICAL *BLINDNESS*.
A MAN LIKE MURDOCK CANNOT BE DESTROYED BY TAKING EVERYTHING AWAY FROM HIM. MEN LIKE US HAVE BUILT THEMSELVES FROM NOTHING. THAT EMPTINESS IS OUR MOTIVATION.
NO. TO *DESTROY* A MAN LIKE THAT YOU MUST FILL THE VOID WITH WHAT HE IS *SEARCHING* FOR.
MURDOCK'S MOTHER ABANDONED HIM AS A CHILD. HE ATTEMPTS TO FILL THIS HOLE WITH LOVERS THAT NEVER *QUITE* FIT. EACH CAN ONLY RELATE TO A *PART* OF HIS COMPLEX PERSONALITY.
ONE WAS HIS LAW SECRETARY. ONE A CRIME FIGHTER. ONE REPRESENTED HIS YOUTH. ONE HIS DOUBLE LIFE.
AND YET NONE CAN VIEW THE WORLD AS HE DOES. THEY FILL ONLY PARTS OF A WHOLE. AND PRESENTLY MURDOCK IS REMINDED OF THAT WHOLE.
BEFORE, I TOOK SOMETHING FROM HIM AND FOUND HIS STRENGTH.
NOW I WILL GIVE SOMETHING TO HIM AND PROVE HIS WEAKNESS.
MAYA --
I NEED A FAVOR OF YOU.